UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST
And Chronicle.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. . PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1126.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

A DREAM
OF THE COUNTING HOUSE.

AN ITEM FROM A BOOK-KEEPERS ACCOUNT OF *Sundries. Dr. To Mr. Heaven.*

Oh, Mother! what a dream I had!
The whole of yesternight;
It must have been so very sad,
I wished it might be light.

And ever since I've been away,
To see such cherish'd eye
Indeed! indeed! I would not stay!
And fear that they were not,

I ran down in the village green.
And though no hope were there,
The little footsteps could be seen,—
Where yesterday they were.

I sat down on the table cheek,
Beneath the big oak tree:
Where oft, I've wrote a wreath for one,
Who'll scarcely speak to me.

The little brook did cheerily,
Sing in its morning cry:
My null-whood, too, runs merrily,
As it did yesterday.

I dreamed that I had grown a man—
How changed it all did seem,
And troubles was the cure I ran:—
I'm glad but a Dream.

A house was built upon the grass,
Which I had never seen before,
The little footsteps could be seen,—
Where yesterday they were.

I sat down on the table cheek,
Beneath the big oak tree:
A woodwork many town,

And Mother! oh! sweet dream, that you
Did long for me your child,
And pain did make you pain to view—
Your rest and smile so mild.

And then, they told me you had died,
And gone to Heaven to dwell—
And then, they threw a cheek did lie,
The rose where brother fell.

Now mother, take me on your knee,
And sing that southern strain:
I feel 'tis not enough to see—
I'd hear your accent again.

Even as I spoke, I droop'd away,
From Mind to Will:
The "Ledger" call before me lay,
With eternity real ink.

Her tears upon the cheek did lie,
And I no longer slept—
A stranger, though a friend stood by,
And called me "Poor," I wept.

Now! sure! to be a boy again!
Though such a dream in my sleep,
And wake, to find my joy as vain,
Were cause enough to weep.

NOTE.—The dream was true *dreamed* and makes to fall on *dream*, is among the most curious wonderings of the story in these readers:—it is the only one of the kind we have related on the above simple and touching verses, in such a vision.

Original Tales.

THREE FOOLS IN A FAMILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY HERMIEL JONES, ESQ.

"Little Kitty might pull her mother's hair if she wanted too—there—oh! Not so hard—you'll be the death of me you little baneful"—

If I could get a screech out of the paper I would—but I can't know how to spell the noise it makes. Between the mother's screaming with pain, and the child's laughing with joy, the noise was terrific. I would not pull up like chickweed out of a light sunny soil, I don't believe there has been such another house since Jonesville was a place. How some people can look at their own children with any kind of toleration I can't guess—but nature is nature, and as Mr. Simpson says in one of Dickens' books—"as nature is a rum 'un." By and by the beautiful baby found her mother's hair would not come out, so she gave it up, and then the mother found the little dear her nose almost off to pacify her.

It is fifteen years since I saw that performance. I thought then, that I should kind of keep one eye upon that precocious child, and I have. I've been a watching of her ever since; and perhaps a few of the verses I've written in my moments of leisure, appear in the Saturday Evening Post. And notwithstanding all I shall say, if you were to have a look at my face, you would say that I must think for a fool, for I'm not maybe the second and third times you saw her, that you would have no objection of having your self pointed out. If Kitty were to see this, she'd be angry, that's a fact, but Aunt Sally won't allow it. Henderson is a fine old fashioned city, and Aunt Sally is stuffed in that balance. I am a little afraid that Kitty wouldn't come off so well as some that haven't got such a delicate skin, and such beautiful eyes as she has. She knows how to appear like a lady when she thinks it's any object to do so; and she can be most supremely disagreeable sometimes, only without myths a word when she pleases. Why, she would make a man feel smaller and more contemptible in one minute, than Professor Burgess or John Randolph could in half a day of their bitterest kind of sparcelm.

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When Sally grew up into her teens, (and she is'nt out of them yet,) there was hardly a young fellow in town that didn't take a shine to her. All of them I believe treat it in succession; and I don't make any doubt she would have been glad to have kept one out of the lot. But I've minded a good many times, that it isn't those that understand each other's character the best that are most apt to make a match of it. Somehow or other they understand each other too well, and the consequence is that most folks that are married don't get married till after the honeymoon is tired. Then, all they have to do is to make the best of it, and overlook little crookedness of temper, and little unpleasantness of disposition. The young men will about the dissatisfiedness of the young women, and vice versa, but I guess if both sexes did not put the right foot foremost, there wouldn't be so many stepping into matrimony as there are.

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The city author had come down to woo the country girl, with his head full of rainbows and bay tricks, and roses, and promises, sworn almighty and he take away from the country girl, and perhaps a few of the verses I've written in my moments of leisure, appear in the Saturday Evening Post. And notwithstanding all I shall say, if you were to have a look at my face, you would say that I must think for a fool, for I'm not maybe the second and third times you saw her, that you would have no objection of having your self pointed out. If Kitty were to see this, she'd be angry, that's a fact, but Aunt Sally won't allow it. Henderson is a fine old fashioned city, and Aunt Sally is stuffed in that balance. I am a little afraid that Kitty wouldn't come off so well as some that haven't got such a delicate skin, and such beautiful eyes as she has. She knows how to appear like a lady when she thinks it's any object to do so; and she can be most supremely disagreeable sometimes, only without myths a word when she pleases. Why, she would make a man feel smaller and more contemptible in one minute, than Professor Burgess or John Randolph could in half a day of their bitterest kind of sparcelm.

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About two years ago our Kitty made an out of town conquest. She fairly bewitched a young lawyer who was here at a ball, and bound him to her, heart and soul, almost at first sight, as one may say. It was the second night of the whole place and the attachment continued so long; and so I was told by Kitty pat at the philosophy of courtship and matrimony in the sketch already. It may be worth while to call attention to another lucky circumstance in going a courting. Reader, if ever you set out to look for a wife, be sure you can, to find a candidate in a different town, from that in which you live. If she sees that it costs you considerable trouble to pay her a visit, she will conclude well enough that you are agreeable to you when you call. If you know all about a young woman's disposition before you think of courting her, you will never come to the end of the world; so that it is a great deal better never to catch your wife that is to be, until her hair is curl papers, I've said.

Well, Mr. Duncan courted Kitty nearly two years, till some of us believe, who had given her up as not worth having, began to think that the bear from out of town might have better eyes than we had, and that Kitty might be a pretty, sweet little flower after all. We had just begun to think it was almost worth while to be jealous and angry that a man had come among us, and carried off the prize, when the news one of the handsomest girls in Jonesville, when, all to once, the news came out that it was all up and over, here I guess! I should've got a paragraph out that Kitty Grimes was not to be married to James Duncan after all. There never has been such a disappointment since Gen. Jackson promised to pass through Jonesville, and then took the upper road, and left our flowers to wither and our evergreens to dry, all for nothing.

"What's the matter?" every body asked—and "I'm sure I don't know," every body answered. Aunt Sally said she knew, but she wouldn't tell—and that was a great deal the worst and most provoking kind of an answer. That put me on my trumps to finding out; and find out I did. The old story—

The wedding day, appointed was.
And every thing prevailed—

But I've only quoted this, for the sake of spoiling a poetry, for that's the way that every thing is ruled—and there was the rub.

Imagine the party at Mr. Grimes's, on the Sunday before the wedding, when *his friend* Squire Smith was to post the intention of marriage between James Duncan and Caroline Grimes, on the door of the court house.

Kitty had been out riding with some and wearies of good humor up to the hour when the party was to meet, and a great social letter than was therefore, for ever. Then there began to be spots on the sun, and our Kitty showed out a little. She'd been accustomed to have her own way from her self whole years, while he was about—and now she did feel it a kind of privilege that "Kitty could be herself." Well, I'll be bound, she was herself for a time! and that she never had done before or frankly—and in a thousand other little ways which one can't exactly describe, but she would be left for her mother to call a visit to the house in his life; and before it was over he was fully convinced of it. The fact was, that Kitty was determined to be let for her life, and she might to a Tartar, passed into puzzle positive. They had an end and out quarrel—and the matter in the end was made up by Kitty.

It is fifteen years since I saw that performance. I thought then, that I should kind of keep one eye upon that precocious child, and I have. I've been a watching of her ever since; and perhaps a few of the verses I've written in my moments of leisure, appear in the Saturday Evening Post. And notwithstanding all I shall say, if you were to have a look at my face, you would say that I must think for a fool, for I'm not maybe the second and third times you saw her, that you would have no objection of having your self pointed out. If Kitty were to see this, she'd be angry, that's a fact, but Aunt Sally won't allow it. Henderson is a fine old fashioned city, and Aunt Sally is stuffed in that balance. I am a little afraid that Kitty wouldn't come off so well as some that haven't got such a delicate skin, and such beautiful eyes as she has. She knows how to appear like a lady when she thinks it's any object to do so; and she can be most supremely disagreeable sometimes, only without myths a word when she pleases. Why, she would make a man feel smaller and more contemptible in one minute, than Professor Burgess or John Randolph could in half a day of their bitterest kind of sparcelm.

While Kitty was yet a child, we other children, who were a little older, feared we could not claim or stand any thing on account of that. Some of our fathers and gifts, who had to go to Congress, and become they were the younger, did look mighty hard at school, when they had to give up to Kitty, because they was older and had the right of dating the name to which that rule "worked both ways" was curious, and not altogether pleasant. And when she couldn't get her own way, she would scream like a fury for, she could fight like a little she-tiger. All the right had to be on her side, too—for if she do it seem at a loss, she could be bad, too, and no mistake. I've known do manage to rule the roost some how or other, from the cradle up, though our Kitty's never yet run into any serious difficulty of doing the same.

Kitty is an only child. While she was a baby, if she cried for her father's watch, or her mother's trinkets, she could have them given her, and for her crying would hurt her. The old look-maker in our place, who mends watches, warning-pace, let me have a look at one of his watches, and I assured me, as soft, says he never did have a lester customer to lose than little Kitty Grimes. She was so good to me, and so careful of my watches, that I was only a year old, and sometimes she threw in a broken verge or mainspring, by way of variety. Once she handed me the case and not the balance wheel, and I set to work with the tongs, and her mother had to give her her gold-moving hair comb, and let her break the teeth of that in place of my watch. I was only a year old then, I suppose, for good and all, by throwing it into the fire. That's the way Kitty Grimes was brought up.

Now, I'm not going to apply on the old saying about a child. Kitty shall be sure to see, and if she didn't I'm not to mend it. Then, says I, it cannot be given by her, and she would stand still, and Zekiel Jones lost his tippin, and got a subpœna from the sheriff, and when she grew a little older, and didn't cry for apples when she saw a few of the best of the spelling class by the whole week together, and nine two or three times, too, every day of her life. If any body set out to get above her, she'd stand stock still, and muffle, and sob, and cry, and snuff, so that no boy in the class would like to make the time of taking her place. But when a girl happened to beat her—then she did have to give it up. It takes Greek to meet Greek, and it takes a girl to put a girl down. Treat never frighten girls, when they have a point to carry one against another—but when the dispute is between a girl and a boy, all the pretty loves will side with the unlucky lot.

From the Magazines

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

THE END OF THE WORLD.
A Vision.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

Happening, the other day, to meet with an account of a mighty gathering of the disciples of a certain great prophet, who, I believe, has, in spite of the prophecy, been dead these two or three centuries, my other, I fell upon a train of reflections on the probability of this world coming to an end the first of April next, as predicted by that venerable seer. That it will come to an end, some time or other, is certain, for nothing created can last forever; and that this event may happen to-morrow, is, for aught we know just as likely as that it will take place an hundred or a thousand years hence. But, as mankind are, however, wisely hidden from all but the eyes of our inspired prophet, and the first of April is quite as probable as any other, although, for the sake of a good prediction, I could wish it had been fixed for some other day than that so specially sacred to the memory of fools.

It appeared to me, however, on due consideration, that there were many startling indications that this end of ours was pretty well worn through, and that it was high time to let it aside, or get rid of it altogether, by a summary process, like the Bankrupt Law. Nor am I alone, among very discreet reflecting persons, in this opinion, but am supported with an old gentleman, of great experience and sagacity, who has practised several hard whisters, and the second time he died at one of our large inns, and for this world to let much longer. "In the first place," said he, "it has grown quite dark and cloudy, and is, besides, not common sense, like a sperm oil lamp, because the most inconsiderate of all creatures. Now, I maintain that, without the ballast of common sense, the world must inevitably turn upside down, or, at least, fall on its beam-ends, and all the interests be huddled overboard. In the second place, it is perfectly apparent that the balance-wheel which regulates the machine, and keeps all the functions in equilibrium, is almost worn out, if not entirely destroyed. There is now no medium in any thing. The rich are all rich, and the poor all poor, and the old tide is nothing but a drain. Entering a handsome drawing-room, the other night, I found a little of years of upwards of fourscore, who was bitterly complaining of being thus suddenly cut off, without time to make his will, and regret at his inability to leave his property to the poor. If a man, in our own days now-a-days, pines for riches, instead of pondering over the good old-fashioned way of industry, prudence and economy, he plunges feet-over-head in mad, extravagant and visionary schemes of all kinds, and, if he succeed, is the envy and hate of others, and in all probability, in the end, loses the better part of character and happiness. If he be a smatter with a desire to benefit his fellow creatures, he neglects his philanthropy for the sake of the enemy, that is, to the opposite extreme of vituperation and abuse, and, in the end, succeeds in exactly what his eyes and his heart to the claims and rights of others, and the world sacrifices the world to no atom. His pay for the guilty degeneracy into the encouragement of the arts, and, instead of a reward for his labors, he becomes an accomplice. No man, it would seem, in this most enlightened of all ages, appears to be aware of the existence of any other law than the abhorrence of guilt in one of the most powerful principles of human nature, and that is the fear of the effectual motive of engendering vice in our own hearts, in the consciousness of which we are the first to sit object of pity and forgiveness. It seems to be a growing opinion, that the punishment of crime is an interposition of society, a desperate exercise of power over individuals, and, in short, a relic of the dark ages."

A recollant old friend is a great talker, when he gets on a favorite subject—though he rails by the hour at members of Congress for their long speeches in the House—and I could not help thinking of his theme. There are other pregnant indications of this world being on its last legs, in the shape of what I may have called it, most irreverently—of so strong almost all the great contending parties in the social state to 'the dark ages.' The inner, indispensable and extravagance, the celery of principle, the substitution of form instead of substance, in short, that constitute the great jubilee of no-principle, and the universal prevalence of humbug, all other causes to dissipate and destroy. An honest man is now-a-days a mark for the shafts levelled in the first principles of justice, for the necessary exercise of his conscience, for the purpose of punishing some villager punishable by ordinary law, but not by the corruption of society, a desperate exercise of power over individuals, and, in short, 'a relic of the dark ages.'"

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Having this, my worthy and excellent friend, after a hard whisker, left me to ruminate alone in my old arm chair, very much inclined to a nap, as I generally use after listening to a long harangue; a habit I have acquired from my wife, though I could not nothing but the smoke of my opposite neighbor's chimney making distracted me had a fly, which, nevertheless, kept me from sleeping.

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I fled from the appalling spectacle, and sought the city, who we all was engaged in their several affairs were sticking and treating their hair, in guilty apprehension of the approach of the last day of the world to come. Others set to music despair, and were composing dirges for the use of all the end of their race; while others, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, were running to and fro in the form that seemed them, were devising various expedients for escaping, and securing their most valuable effects. The scribes were busy at their pens, in the little brick-maiden had hung the picture of her lover about her neck, and was gazing on it with a melancholy air, writing her banns by the side of a cradle, where a little babe laughing clowned in its sleep. In a room while another was rushing madly about, with a child in each hand, which it had snatched from its cradle, convulsive writhings. Thousands of scenes like these presented themselves to my view, as I walked on horror, and still proceed to state what I saw of the exhibitions of the passions of grief, fear, discontentment and despair, which served to convince me that the ruling passion will struggle to the last against the overwhelming power of the universal cause of the dissolution of nature herself.

In the course of my wanderings, methought I encountered the celebrated Fire-King, who was sitting at his ease, coolly smoking his pipe in the midst of the flames, and in a few minutes was consumed to ashes, excepting his head, &c., "Well, well!" muttered he, "I shall go down to posterity as the last of the prophets."

The last person I recollect meeting was the worthy Mr. Duncan, who was raised against the world as on precisely at the commencement of this vision. He was pacing and muttering, and hanging himself, with the last of prodigious rats. "Well, my friend," said I, "my ready and quietly. "I will, my friend, you are quite right in your opinion that the world has pretty well worn out, and on its last legs. It is, in truth, an old, superannuated concern, not worth mending; and as you truly stated,

bonds and bonds which the drunken crew had burned down, the evening before. They still kept the possession of the fault, and were as riotous, as noisy and as drunk as ever. We were glad to get away from it. The two minutes stood on the deck of the Herald. The two minutes passed at no table more quickly than at that of Mr. Henry, where the conversation, with an air of caution on its passage over the dangerous ground of Southern politics, was principally upon the subject of Texas.

Mr. Henry, without a moment's hesitation, declared himself the strongest kind of an advocate for the annexation of this "lone star republic." He considered it, he said, in the light of a Captain Barry acquisition to the Union. Captain Barry quickened the warmth of the discussion.

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"You shall do nothing of the kind!" cried a mild, constant-charged old man—of war's men. "You are not going to put any men in from on board this ship."

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"Bring here the irons!" cried the commander, and a minute had hardly elapsed ere the drunken rebel was strongly secured from doing any further harm.

No further signs of resistance were shown. The commander of the crew submitted with a good grace. A few of them only were hand-cuffed—the rest, acknowledging their error, and promising to remain quiet, were released by their foreign behavior.

Mr. Henry went on shore, after, by his considerations, the vessel had been quelled. But the authority of Captain Barry was never afterward fully restored. Indeed over that crew. More than once, while lying in the port of Galveston, I sounded in his report to vessels on board with him during the night, that some of the men had grown tired of his authority. Acts of insolence and disobedience to orders occurred that there was a great deal of trouble and difficulty between the officers and crew, on the passage from Galveston to Boston.

I have always found that when the commander of a ship is unable to control his crew, and is induced to apply to the authorities of whatever port he may be in for aid, and in this way petition them by force to suppress an uproar, or in a guard ship, all respect for him from that moment is gone. His crew feel that he is always ready to resort his authority by means of a power out for the wide ocean, where he can pursue his foreign aid. A master of a ship, subjected to the position on his side, and is possessed of as much judgment and nerve as are requisite for him to exercise properly the duties of his profession, will never require any aid from armed men, in order to enforce his authority and preserve discipline.—*Boston Atlas*.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, February 25.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Under our Foreign Head will be found a pretty full sketch of Captain by Sir Robert Peel, in the British Parliament, upon a subject exceedingly interesting to Americans. The Treaty between this country and Great Britain, for the suppression of the slave trade, at the commencement of the session, the speeches of Mr. Webster bearing upon the matter, and now, at last, Sir Robert Peel's understanding of one of the points in dispute are before the public; and have been, we believe, submitted to the readers of the United States Saturday Post, considered to their day and date. It would appear, from some circumstances, that there is still a misapprehension somewhere; and that there are points, or at least Treaty, which are to be overcome, which are differently understood, by different readers. If there is, indeed, any ambiguity, after all the pains which has been taken to put matters right, it is meet to be regretted. Of one thing, however, we feel perfectly sure; and that is that this republic can defend its own rights, and those of international documents, if need come, in whatever manner may be needful.

So full a digest of the foreign news is given in the proper columns, including the letter from our European correspondent, that notice in detail is unnecessary here. It will be remembered that Mr. O'Connell, in one of his characteristic speeches wished, among other loyal aspersions for the Queen of England, that she may have as many children as her grandmother—something like a quarter of a hundred, if our memory serves. The prayer of the agitator it would certainly seem promising to be realized. The ladies will find in this paper a full report of the Fourney London and Paris Fashions, from approved authorities.

The Session of Congress is drawing to a close. Our next day of publication, Saturday March 4th, will close the term of the present Congress. There is now pending bills, in the fate of which much interest is felt, but which stand no small chance of getting the go-by for this term. One of these is the ridiculous Post Office Bill, which almost requires passengers on the mail routes to go in the bags and be taxed as letters, another is the Oregon Occupation Bill, and the third is the Bill to repeal the Bankrupt Law. The two first have passed the House, and wait action in the House. The third has passed the House, and rests in the Senate. No Exchequer plan, and no modification of the Tariff, can be passed it is thought, pass the present Congress. What the next will do having a different political complexion, remains to be seen.

The excitement in relation to the death of a young man to this city, by the hands of another, seems entirely to have passed away. The augurs said that the course of justice when the case comes before the proper tribunal; because, although it is united that the trial must take place in New Jersey, it will not necessarily be, for the mere, quite a migration of Philadelphia feeling thither—sufficient at least to color the atmosphere of the court room, so far as such influences can.

In a literary point of view we review our labor of selection with considerable satisfaction. We have little pride and pleasure. And for the week succeeding, and many weeks, we have good things enough to those into the character of the Post, and its circulation. News and matters of local or temporary interest we cannot of course, forsooth, but we can promise to be always discharging in general terms—"the best the market affords," from week to week.

MATTER FOR THOUGHT.

The recent melancholy event which has filled the city with excitement, offers some suggestions on which the whole public may act, at once, for great good, and without any injustice to any party. It is notorious that there are a neglected passages for sin in this city, the ownership of which is of a "respectable" kinds, the furniture of which is leased to occupants at exorbitant prices by "respectable" people, and which may be visited by "respectable" men without essential stigma to their reputations as "respectable" men, fit to associate with virtuous women. That world is designed to be "respectable" and "such as they are tenderly treated: and the friends of no affianced maiden will in some cases rather hurry her marriage than delay it, in order that she may care her intended of his recent proprietaries.

On the other hand, the intrinsic proper of these respectable owners, brought to their notice, will in repeated frequented houses are put without the pale of society—and justly. The interest maiden who is betrayed into one by accident or design, is ruined irredeemably. To come once in the way of their moral infection, is to taint her reputation for life. The threshold of the house is to her what her father, her brother, or her suitor may have repaired sinned without condemned, could ruined by *her*, she is forever a castaway.

Is there not in this a monstrous injustice? Should these of the men who forland the dens of infamy purchase scarce their dependence to maintain those places, go cast free, while those who could not be magnificently rewarded for their sin, are compelled to bear the whole obloquy? In other cases he who procures a crime by money or labor, is deemed more guilty than the actual perpetrator. Is it so in this? Why should the distinction be reversed in this case? A correspondent of one of our oldest and most respectable city papers, suggests, properly, the purchase of the "respectable" owners and furnishers of these places. We hope he will carry out his intimation.

We are not so sanguine as to fancy that an unjust estimation of relative guilt which appears to be current with our race, can be corrected entirely; but we do believe that a libertine may be made ashamed of himself in a christian country; and that civilization and politeness may be so truly refined as to send a man to Coventry who leaves of his dominicanness, instead of permitting him to take the precedence of the virtuous and more, on the strength of his "acquaintance." The latter has been done for much the reason in all time and in all countries; and it has been as well more prevalent than in old Rome even, since feudal slavery recognized one sort of superiority as that of birth, another that of wealth, and so on, as the case might be. We trust, at least, that in this city, the fine minutes stood on the deck of the Herald. The two minutes passed at no table more quickly than at that of Mr. Henry, where the conversation, with an air of caution on its passage over the dangerous ground of Southern politics, was principally upon the subject of Texas.

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LAND-SLIDE AT TROY.

Another land-slide, like that which occurred in 1827, happened at Troy, N. Y., on the afternoon of Friday, the 17th inst. The hill, on which the city is composed of a peculiar kind of cohesive blue clay, and stones, when it slides, are loosened and carried down with it. The slide occurred on the north side of the hill, about the east side of Fifth street, and by which the east side of Fifth street, and by which the north side of Fifth street, and by which the north side of Fifth street, and by which the north

United States SATURDAY POST.

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LIST OF AGENTS.

BY TRAVELLING AGENTS.—Dr Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Columbian Magazine.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our agent for that city and Hamilton county.

Mr. WILLIAM H. HOOD, of Boston, is our agent for Boston and its vicinity.

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson* and *John P. Johnson*, for Baltimore and Washington.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West, including Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, &c.

WILLIAM L. PIERCE, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is our agent for that city and vicinity.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BELLAMY, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to receive new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, and to collect for the United States Saturday Post. Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. *Philadelphia: William H. Graham, 98 Chesnut street.*—This is a serial work, the initial number of which is, as yet, the only one published. It is edited by Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D., of New York, and will be completed in twenty numbers, the last of which will be issued on the first Sunday of one month, and the other sixteen at intervals of two weeks, so that the publication may be completed within a year. The illustrations are to be from the Common Prayer will consist of vignettes, of a beautiful character and design, and of sacred subjects from the works of the first engravers, adapted to the Epistles and Gospels, and the Psalter. The greater part of these will be selected from the English edition of the work, but the Publisher will have other resort, that portion to be added, from original drawings, prepared expressly for this work, by J. G. Chapman, Esq. The number before us is certainly a specimen in its typography, paper, and embellishments, and the publishers pledge themselves that the following numbers shall be in all respects equal to the present.

Dr. Wainwright is appointed, in conformity with the canon, to review and compare this edition with the standard; and his supervision of the work is a sufficient guarantee that the embellishments will be appropriate as well as beautiful. As an appropriate companion for the Illustrated Prayer, Dr. Wainwright will prepare a work much needed in the church, a history of the Liturgy, together with a commentary upon the text and rubrics. This work will be embellished with designs having special reference to the Church in this country. It will be comprised in twenty numbers. The whole will form two handsome octavo volumes in royal octavo. Either of these volumes may, however, be taken independently of the other, or a single number, at a single dollar.

The rest of the numbers will be 34¢ cents each, payable on delivery. Those subscribers who forward to the publisher $1 in advance for the first number of the Prayer, or $13 for the two volumes of Prayer and Commentary, will receive, in addition to the work, a numbered or octavo, elegantly bound copy, with a representation of the exterior and interior of Trinity Church, New York, the value of which is $4 or $5 each cover. Those desiring to receive the Prayer in this privilege, at the time of sending their subscription, will please to state whether the octavo or quarto is to be sent.

Mr. Walker said his colleague (Mr. Henderson) was wrong in saying that the subject was first named in the Senate. It originated in the other end of the city, in water, and with British Bankers. If adopted it would lead to repudiation. His State would never consent to have the public faith violated, even for the British Government. The States would be dissolved upon the principle that the original compact was one of the public lands to the payment of the State Debt. This, he said, was a monstrous idea. The Bank of the Brokers and British money changers, as the authors of it designated it, and Mr. Allen of Ohio followed in its train and exulting speech.

On Friday, a motion to take up the *resolutions* for the admission of Texas was lost by a vote of 20 to 28. After debate, a motion was made and carried—viz: to postpone the consideration of the resolutions until the first Monday of December next. Yeas 35, nays 28.

Much Executive business has been done by the Senate—several State papers have been received by the Executive Secretary, the result of which has not transpired. The Senate, without opposition, adopted the report of the Committee on Commerce in favor of the Texas and others. The title page has an ornamental border, on which are represented the Archbishop Chancellor, and Bishops Ridley, Latimer and White. The other pieces of the work is executed, we perceive, by John Sartain, of Philadelphia. We have no doubt it is good as he in the country—there is none better.

THE MAGAZINES.—We have scarcely time to do more than glance at the Magazines of the month. They are of their usual merit and variety.

"GRAHAM'S," has three sterling steel engravings, "The Sisters," "The Daring Lover," a most expressive and beautiful picture. The articles are from Hon. James K. Paulding, J. Fenimore Cooper, Bryant, Willis, and a host of able writers.

"GODEY'S" has two plates and the Fashions, "The Emigrant's Daughter," after one of Chapman's subjects, "The Village Church," &c. There are original articles by Mrs. Hale, the editor, Miss Leslie, Jno. Frost, &c.

"MISS LESLIE'S" for the previous, or rather for the *current* month, has several embellishments. "Romance in Reality" a good picture, a late pattern, to embossed figures, and "The Lovers' Walk," a brilliant plate. The articles are from Mrs. Ann Sophie Mrs. Hale, Mr. Harwood, and others.

"THE LADIES' COMPANION" is embellished with a colored flower, and a plain called "Innocence," and is filled with good matter.

THE BIBLE IN BRASS; *or the Sovereign, Aristocracy, and Imprisonments of an English Bishop: a sequel to the Adventures of Jonathan Ledyard in the Peninsula. By George Barrow, Author of the Gypsies of Spain. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.*—We have before us the prize of the English copy of which is seven dollars, and a half, is here reprinted in a neat form, with very creditable typography, on fine paper, and bound in cloth and thirty-two pages of small but new and clear type, in double columns. The work itself is one of the is a humorous attraction for all classes of readers, and the agreeable promise of variety held out in its title page is well kept; and the subject while interest to no common, possesses the merit of Reformation of many false impressions.

THE CHURCH PILGRIM, is the title of a well conducted weekly paper, which has been some weeks published in this city by the Messrs. Diller. He title indicates the object of the publication, and we have no neglected "clamp dolours of the country," and the advocacy of its cause is well and faithfully done.

OBITER SCRIBLE.—Lea & Blanchard have commenced the publication of a series of volumes under this Geography, and Casey & Hart of Johnson's Family Encyclopedia—rich excellent works, to which we shall again refer.

☞ Rodda Monsieur, in the side of a brochure at Bagnes & Zolbers, which looks well. At the same time may be found the Bible in Spain, and sensational tales of Martin Chuzzlewit, Tom Burke &c.

FRASER DAIS, James's new novel has been received in this city, in two or three editions. It is on sale by Burgess & Stokes, Wm. H. Graham, 98 Chesnut street, Geo. S. Appleton and others.

THE LIFE OF THE BARONS, Bulwer's last, is out, and for sale in two or three editions, by Perkins & Purves, Appleton, W. H. Graham, Burgess & Stokes and others.

☞ The Governor General of Canada is just to Europe. Dreyer has set in, and he has been given by by his medical attendants.

Items of News.

☞ The New Brunswick papers speak of the abundance of wolves, hungry and ravenous, in the provinces. They have become dangerous. A gentleman who was traveling on the Houlton road a short time since, was chased by four of these ugly customers.

☞ The Rockbridge Democrat mentions a report that Commodore Stockton has been appointed Minister Mr. Dowell, foreign minister at London, that great preparations are making by the English manufacturers to carry on the approaching fight.

☞ Intelligence has been received from Havana, at New Orleans, that a great deal of pecuniary distress prevailed over the island generally. The sugar plantations, it is stated, are much mortgaged.

☞ A bill abolishing Capital Punishment in the State of Michigan, the passage of which through the House we noticed, has been defeated in the Senate.

☞ A monument, recently formed in Lexington, has been called Rodolph Jackson, the gallant and the veteran editor of the Richmond Enquirer.

☞ A revolutionary patriot named John Martin, recently died at Augusta, Ga. aged 105.

Congress News.

The movements in the Senate begin to indicate the close of the session. There is a disposition, among Senators particularly, to put things aside, the interest of which is not of impressive character. The resolutions of Mr. McDuffie, which we published in this paper, were on Wednesday Feb. 15, laid upon the table, by the close vote of 24 ayes to 23 nays. On Thursday Mr. Rives' resolutions on the subject of the assumption of State debts, and declaring the right of the General Government to borrow money for the purpose, in any form, without a violation of the Constitution, and committing a grave act of impeachment, Gales & Seaton sprung up, a brief sketch of which we subjoin:

Mr. Rives said he felt it to be his duty to present the resolutions now on the Senate. They were those that he desired to be sustained by the Government by an issue of Government Stock, or otherwise, was unnecessary and preposterous, and he might not be entertained for one moment. The proposition of borrowing Government money was a direct and a great subject. It not Congress in all cautions.

Mr. Rives proceeded to show how many and many times his horror of paying the debts of the States in this way. He was asked, why did, and why would Senators introduce matters now calculated to injure the States? Why would they seek to depreciate the State Stocks? None of the States could be driven down with debt? And why should a parental Government look Bank; but in the present State of affairs, he was to injuring them by more declamatory resolution, but by such could come from the resolutions before the Senate, and great evil was done in the effect those resolutions had upon the public mind. There seemed to be a disposition to make war upon them.

Mr. Merrick closed with the introduction of several resolutions, the purport of which was to show the opposition of the Senate and the House Government, and the duty of the Government to appropriate the public money for the relief of the States.

Mr. Woodbury followed, and said that in regard to the resolutions before the Senate, he was aware that there were prepared to meet this question at once, and whenever a proposition was introduced to that effect Senate Debts, it would be regarded by them and the country as a direct attack upon the peace of the Union.

Mr. Miller wished to submit a resolution upon the subject to the effect that though "the General Government would not relieve the States, they would appropriate their surplus will leave two hundred millions in royal octavo. Either of these volumes may, however, be taken independently of the other, or a single number, at a single dollar.

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Pennsylvania Legislature.

In Senate, Wednesday Feb. 15, the house passed a resolution, authorizing and directing the Governor to cause certificates of stock to be issued to persons entitled thereto, in lieu of those issued to the late Bank, and redeemable on the first day of August, 1846. When the amount of interest coupons does not exceed ninety dollars it is to be paid by this resolution in cash.

Bills were reported: To incorporate the borough of Lancaster; to incorporate the Bank of Lancaster Company; to protect certain property in the city of Philadelphia; relating to mortgages; to erect a new county out of parts of Columbia, Clearfield, and Indiana.

Peter Haas was nominated Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, vice John F. Hoge.

Thursday Feb. 16, a resolution was passed calling for a statement of the amount of tolls received on the Columbia Railroad, from the 1st day of April last, Tuesday, and his predecessor, as Superintendent.

The bill to erect the County of Madison passed to a second reading.

The following nominations were confirmed:—George J. Leiper, of the County of Delaware, Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Venango as Associate Judges.

Friday Feb. 17, a resolution was offered to provide for the sale of the Columbia Railroad, which with other works would bring $53,000,000, (estimated) or for some debts the consideration was postponed.

A resolution instructing our Senators and requesting our Representatives to take measures to extend the length of the sessions was introduced, and laid on the table.

The Committee on Banks was instructed to bring in a general Banking Law, to regulate the conduct of all banks hereafter created. A resolution was introduced to sell to the Bank of Canada the stock of the State, so to amend the constitution as to hold sessions only once in two years.

The bill to extend the charter of the Farmers' Bank of Bucks County passed second reading.

Saturday Feb. 18, the bill from the House providing for the election of Canal Commissioners was reported from the Committee of Internal improvements with a recommendation that it be negatived.

The bill from the same Committee authorizing the bill to incorporate the Pennsylvania Canal and Railroad Company, with a capital of $15,000,000, payable in certificates of State Stock to pay for lands, and company, when the stock is taken, to be put in possession of the whole line of improvements between Pittsburgh and Erie, connected with bonds of the State, the privilege of re-assuming the same, upon remunerating the Company.

The bill to appropriate money to making an appropriation to the Military Academy at Bristol, on the ground of State Poverty. The bill to curtail the circulation of the Corporation came up on motion to postpone indefinitely, which was carried by a vote of 20 to 19.

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The bill to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to compromise with the secretary of Stanwood Secretary Collector of the Port of New York coming up on its passage, was decided in the negative—Yeas 17, nays 19.

In Senate, Monday Feb. 20. Mr. McDuffie offered a new set of resolutions relative to the assumption of the State debts, the constitutionality of the power to borrow &c. Some debate was had, which was ended by a call for the previous question by Mr. Talmadge. The resolutions were then laid upon the table, ayes 24, nays 23. Mr. Walker reproduced the same resolutions in another form, but their consideration was postponed to the same hour, by the same vote.

In Senate, Monday, Feb. 20, the Governor made a communication, stating that he had nominated Charles McCollin to be register of wills and recorder

Gems from the Poets.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

BY CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
  Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
  "I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
  Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
  Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer time;
  The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime!
  Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
"Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
  With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
  Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

Summer is gone: and autumn's soberer hues
  Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
  Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
  On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
  Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles: snow-showers, far and near,
  Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath pass'd away, and, cold and drear,
  Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh! laughingly
  My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
  And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
  Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
  The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
  Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
  Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow;
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"

Popular Lectures.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

CONCLUDED.

BY JOSEPH O. PYATT. (A DEAF MUTE.)

HISTORY OF THE ART OF DEAF MUTE INSTRUCTION.

[illegible]

...the knowledge of their God, their Saviour, the end of their being, and the consolations of the Christian faith.

That all the deaf and dumb may enjoy the privilege of becoming heirs of the kingdom of Heaven, that our Heavenly Father may preserve us all blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ is the sincerest prayer of your deaf and dumb brother,

JOSEPH O. PYATT.

The Humorist.

A certain rich physician was lately complaining in a coffee-house, that he had three fine daughters, to whom he should give ten thousand dollars each, and yet he could find nobody to marry them. "With your leave, doctor," said an Irishman who was present, stepping up and making a very respectful bow, "I will take two of them."

"Ma'am," said a quack of Long Island to a nervous old lady, "your case is of an scrutunuturury complaint." "Pray, doctor, what is that?" "It is the drooping of the nerves, ma'am, the nerves having fallen in pinarintum, the chest becomes morbeous, you and the head becomes tiorrimum." "Ah! doctor, have described my feelings exactly."

"Uncle Jo," said an observing little boy, "our folks always put up the window when the room is filled with smoke, and the wind always blows in so as to prevent the smoke from going that way; now where does the smoke go?" "It goes into the people's eyes," was uncle Jo's philosophic answer.

The Mormon delusion is not likely soon to come to an end—for it is said that Joe Smith has recently sent out a large number of *female* preachers, of "*great* talent, and *surprising* beauty." They will do more to keep up the delusion than could all the men in Christendom.

We were amused with a remark that we heard in the street last night. "Hallo, Bill, said a fellow to one of his tipsy companions, who was standing against a lamp post, "is that *your* post?" "Not exactly," said the tipsy one, "but I have a *lean* upon it."

"Don't you think my eyes look quite killing this morning?" said a country dandy to a smart girl, and he twisted his leaden visionaries in the most cruel and fascinating manner. "They remind me," replied the damsel, "of a codfish dying of the toothache."

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Sketches of Travel.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR FEBRUARY.

SKETCHES from Constantinople.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CADI AND THE ROBBER."

[illegible]

J. P. B.

The Olio.

[illegible]

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE PROSPECTUS FOR 1843.

EDITORS:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS.
J. Fenimore Cooper; Richard H. Dana;
William Cullen Bryant; Henry W. Longfellow;
T. C. Grattan; Nath'al P. Willis; Charles F. Hoffman.
Mrs. Emma C. Embury;
Mrs. Seba Smith; Mrs "Mary Clavers;"
Mrs. Ann S. Stephens; Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, Etc.

GRAHAM'S is the oldest and most popular of the American Literary Magazines. The number for January, 1843, was the first of the thirty-fifth volume. Its long and uniformly successful career, from its commencement with a few hundred subscribers, until the present time, when it has a circulation of fifty thousand copies per month, is perhaps as good an evidence of its great and constantly increasing merit as the publisher has it in his power to offer. To its old subscribers, he trusts, no assurances are necessary of his determination to maintain its present ascendency over all the rival periodicals of the country. The engagement during the past year of such men as BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, LONGFELLOW, HOFFMAN, MANCUR and others of high reputation in the literary world, as *regular contributors*, in addition to a previous list embracing many of the first names in the nation, is a sufficient guarantee that the work will continue to be the principal medium of communication between the best authors and the public. Among the attractions of the thirty-fifth volume, will be TALES by Mr. COOPER, Mr. GRATTAN, Mr. WILLIS, Mr. HOFFMAN, Mr. MANCUR, Mr. HERBERT, "MARY CLAVERS," Mrs. EMBURY, Mrs. ELLET and Mrs. STEPHENS; POEMS by Mr. BRYANT, Mr. DANA, Mr. LONGFELLOW, Mr. STREET, Mrs. SEBA SMITH, Mrs. OSGOOD, and Mrs. SIGOURNEY; ESSAYS by Mr. FAY, Mr. JONES, Mr. TUCKERMAN, Mr. POE, etc. etc. The following more complete list of contributors will convince the reader that it is impossible to have a superior corps in the present age, and that the contributions of such writers must place the work at the head of

American Literature.

James Fenimore Cooper, Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home as Found," "The American Democrat," etc.
Richard H. Dana, Author of "The Buccaneer," "The Idle Man," "Discourses on Shakespeare," etc.
William Cullen Bryant, author of "The Ages," "The Fountain, and other Poems," etc.
T. C. Grattan, Author of "Highways and Byways," "Jaqueline of Holland," "History of the Netherlands," "The Heiress of Bruges," etc.
Henry W. Longfellow, Author of "Voices of the Night," "Hyperion," "Outre Mer," "Ballads and other Poems," etc.

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A GREAT ENTERPRISE!

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER OF THE MAMMOTH CLASS.

The proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, the oldest, and best established newspaper in the Union, have purchased the entire establishment of the "*Saturday Chronicle*," and also that of the "*United States*" weekly newspapers, the immense subscription lists of which concerns they have united with the heavy list of the Saturday Post, a family paper of 22 years standing, and now issue the three in one, under the title of "*The United States Saturday Post and Chronicle*." The united circulation of the periodicals issued by the proprietors is over

100,000 COPIES,

And *they can now afford to publish a cheaper paper for its quality and size than any other establishment.* It is worthy of remark that the Saturday Evening Post was started on the 4th of August, 1821, and has since been opposed by *all sorts of new experiments, in price and quality*, and yet its publishers have never failed to meet a contract, and *have buried scores of noisy rivals*, who *have promised* MUCH *and performed* LITTLE, and have eventually died, and been handsomely interred by the "*Old Post;*" which has fathered their contracts and supplied the paper to the end of the subscription. Persons who wish to subscribe, therefore, will do so with less hesitation, when we state that we now enter on the TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME, and with the superior facilities now possessed by the proprietors, they can afford to publish a larger, handsomer, and better paper for the money than can be had elsewhere.

The editorial department will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman known for his originality and humor, assisted by several gentlemen of high literary standing and ability, and will be conducted with a degree of vigor and spirit that must render the paper one of the very best ever issued in the country. The great size of the sheet will enable the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in cotemporary sheets. The matter will in many respects be of a different quality. The design of the proprietors being, to make a

First Rate Family Newspaper

In every particular, calculated to meet the wishes of the people from one end of the Union to the other. The following are the points to which they invite attention, as embracing the character of the sheet.

THE GREAT SIZE.

It is a sheet of the largest class—is printed on fair, clear type, with fine white paper, and contains more reading matter than any weekly paper published.

POPULAR TALES.

[illegible]